

Toddler 1171

Chapter 1171: The Ending (20)

The combat strength of an army of a thousand members of the Sacred Clan was not inferior to the combat strength of the entire Northwest Army Camp back then. To shake the entire Northwest Army Camp with one's own strength was very dangerous. In fact, in the opinion of most people, it was a little stupid.

Especially since the other party was a thin woman, they thought that she was spouting nonsense. Her strength was terrifying, but they did not believe that she could really destroy their thousand-strong army.

The general of the Sacred Clan raised his sword and shouted, "Everyone, don't be afraid! Get into formation and prepare to attack—I'

Swish!

Before he could finish speaking, he heard a whoosh in the air. Before anyone could react, they saw their general's heart being pierced by a bead that flew over.

The general of the Sacred Clan fell to the ground. He widened his eyes and looked at the sky covered in nebulas. Even until his death, he did not understand how all of this happened.

He was a general. That woman actually killed him with an inconspicuous bead. He didn't do anything, right? It was just a strand of her daughter's hair.

The general would never understand. He would never have this chance.

The General's death brought a huge shock to everyone. It was as if at this moment, everyone really realized that what they saw and felt was not an illusion. This woman was not bluffing. She was a killing god in the dark. This was a well-trained army. The general had fallen, but there was still the deputy general. The deputy general immediately took over the command. "Set up the formation!"

Swish!

The bead rose from the ground and mercilessly pierced through the deputy general's heart.

"Oh." As if thinking of something, Little Sly Jiang snapped her fingers. The bead spinning on the ground suddenly flew into the air and slammed into the necks of the general and deputy general, breaking their necks with two cracking sounds.

The saint army was stunned. Therefore, when she said "everyone's neck has to be broken", it was literally a broken neck...

Yu Wan was in the inn and wanted to go out all the time. However, the door seemed to have been sealed by a huge force and she could not open it no matter what.

"Look, they're all giving birth. But I've lost the power of my bloodline. I can't even open the door! Yi—ya—" Yu Wan stepped on the wall and grabbed the door slot with both hands, pulling it back with all her might.

Crack!

Yu Wan felt a pain in her neck. Of course it wasn't her neck that had been

Broken, but she reit as someone's neck naa been broken.

Yu Wan touched her neck strangely. It must be an illusion...

Crack!

The sound of cracking came again. Yu Wan took a weak breath. Right on the heels of that, sounds came again. Crack, crack, crack, crack, crack, crack, crack..

Outside the house, the sound of people cracking their necks could be heard. Yu Wan felt her little neck trembling just by listening.

I might not believe it, but my neck had its own thoughts. It was chickening out!

Most of those soldiers did not even have time to scream before their necks were broken. The invincible saint army encountered the first destruction after entering the country.

Originally, when they received the mission to surround and kill the two women, they were still disdainful and thought that the higher-ups were making a mountain out of a molehill. After all, with the strength of their thousand-man army, it was not impossible for them to kill twenty thousand Great Zhou soldiers. How could they send them to do such a thing? Wasn't this like using a butcher's knife to kill a chicken?

They finally did not think that way now. If they were given a chance, they would persuade the higher-ups to send another thousand people.

Unfortunately, there were never ifs in the world. There were only consequences and results.

The inn owner had actually been woken up long ago, but he did not dare to say anything. He just stood in the hall with the oil lamp and looked at Yu Wan.

After an unknown period of time, the cracking sound finally ended. The inn was terrifyingly quiet. The innkeeper cleared his throat awkwardly. "Shall I make you... and that hero... a bowl of noodles?"

Yu Wan:

Little Sly Jiang was in a fit of anger just now and regretted it after doing it. She looked at the dark door and twiddled her fingers innocently.

Creak—

The door opened.

Yu Wan looked at the helpless Little Sly Jiang solemnly.

Little Sly Jiang circled his fingers and blinked guiltily. “Um, if I say... I’m so dizzy. Do you still believe me?”
Yu Wan’s face darkened..

Chapter 1172: The Ending (21)

Yu Wan never expected that her mom would actually be a hidden peerless expert. What happened to being weak? What happened to being a lady? Therefore, those sleeping postures with her legs crossed and emitting a domineering aura and the heroic spirit of a bandit were not her imagination!

“Did you beat Mrs. Zhao into a pig’s head?” “Mhm.” “Did you steal the bead of the saints?”

“Mhm.” “Did you shave them too?”

...Mhm.”

“Were you the one who destroyed the Second Old Master’s sacrificial soldiers camp?”

” .mnm. “Blood Rakshasa...” ...Mhm.” “Saint King...” ...Mhm.”

...Mhm.”

...Mhm.'

One by one, she confessed. Yu Wan's face could not have been darker. She thought that it was a Bronze-ranked beast, but it was actually a King, and the strongest King at that!

"I, I, I... I lost my bloodline power because I gave birth. Otherwise, I would be the number one expert in the Nether Capital!" Yu Wan crossed her arms in front of her chest, turned her face away, and said angrily.

"Mm!" Little Sly Jiang nodded.

Killing a thousand troops was not a joke. That was because Yu Wan had almost lost her life and had triggered Little Sly Jiang's strongest anger value. Otherwise, under normal circumstances, she would really be exhausted from killing them one by one.

After that night, Little Sly Jiang slept in the inn for three days and three nights.

Since she was not really weak, they could go to the front line together. Of course, it was mainly because she could not shake her off. Since she was so powerful, she might arrive earlier than Yu Wan!

After Madam Jiang woke up, Yu Wan went with her to the village where the imperial court's army was stationed. The village was already empty. It seemed like it had been attacked and quickly evacuated.

Yu Wan had sent a pigeon to Shadow Six before she came. Shadow Six knew that she would come and did not forget to make a mark when they evacuated.

Yu Wan followed the mark deeper into the valley and found the current camp of the army.

Xiao Zhenting led the army south. Including the garrisons of the various cities that he had taken over along the way, there were a total of eighty thousand troops. Currently, sixty thousand were stationed in the various county cities outside Yu City, forming a siege on Yu City. Twenty thousand people followed Xiao Zhenting and faced the enemy head-on. Among the twenty thousand people, there were already

more than a thousand casualties. Old Cui and the doctors in the army were busy every day and did not even have much time to eat.

“Madam, Young Madam, this way please!” Shadow Six brought Yu Wan and Little Sly Jiang to the temporary tent. He had specially built it for the two of them. It was somewhat similar to a yurt, but it was not big. There were also some urgent herbs, so it was even more cramped.

“I’m afraid I’ll have to trouble Madam and Young Madam.” Shadow Six felt that the environment here was harsh and not a place for them to come.

Yu Wan shook her head. “It’s fine. Where’s Grand Marshal Xiao?”

“He went to investigate outside Yu City. He’s been there for a while. He should be back soon. Last night, we went to kill the puppet master of the Sacred Clan. I wonder if they will do anything today. By the way, we also discovered something very strange.” Shadow Six told Yu Wan about the loss of a thousand people in a certain camp of the Sacred Clan’s army.

Yu Wan glanced at her Mom and saw her looking at the sky, the sky, and then the sky!

Shadow Six also saw Little Sly Jiang’s abnormality. His eyes widened. “Did they... ambush you?”

Yu Wan nodded in tacit agreement. They were very careful along the way, but the news still leaked, so they were ambushed by the saints.

“Then are you alright?” Shadow Six asked worriedly.

Yu Wan looked at her mother in a speechless manner. “Of course, it’s fine with Mom around.”

Shadow Six: “1Jh.

Could it be that her persona had been ruined?

In this way, Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen heaved a sigh of relief. In order to maintain their Madam's persona in front of Young Madam and Master, the two of them had suffered too much. They did not dare to say anything they wanted to say. They watched as Young Master and the Prince took the blame. Now, they could finally be themselves.

"My Dad doesn't know yet."

Yu Wan poured a basin of cold water on them, and their smiles froze.

Xiao Zhenting was not surprised. Prince Yan would not hide such a major secret from him. He had already told him about it in the letter. Since her persona had already collapsed, she might as well collapse to the end. Anyway, Yu Shaoqing wasn't around, right?

When Yu Wan followed Old Cui to treat the injured, Xiao Zhenting and Little Sly Jiang secretly started something.

Although the puppet master had died, it was inevitable that there would be casualties in a serious battle. After all, the strength of the saint army was obvious. Even without the puppet master controlling them, they still had terrifying combat strength..

Chapter 1173: The Ending (22)

"Let's do this first..." Xiao Zhenting thought of a very sinister method to weaken the other party.

First, Xiao Zhenting brought a team of sacrificial soldiers and infiltrated the first camp they had ambushed that night. He set fire to the rations and ran.

Actually, there were only twenty of them. In terms of martial arts, those sacrificial soldiers were not the strongest, but their qinggong was top-notch. They ran fast and were not easy to catch up to. Ten of them went to set fire, and the remaining ten rode their horses back and forth halfway, beating the drums and shouting, looking like an army of hundreds.

The ten people who escaped went in another direction and assumed the posture of an army of hundreds.

As such, the Sacred Clan's army was stunned. The city gate was closed properly, and the Great Zhou's soldiers in the city had long been cleared by them. Where did these more than a thousand people come from?

Could it be... a remnant of the city?

The Sacred Clan believed that there would be experts from the Great Zhou infiltrating the city. After all, no matter how tight their defense was, it was only targeted at ordinary soldiers. If they really encountered too powerful experts, their defense would not be very useful.

But there shouldn't be more than a thousand such experts, right? If they were really that powerful, they would have fought them to the death long ago.

All the Sacred Clan's members felt that there were survivors hidden in the city that had not been successfully cleaned up. The commander of the first camp said, "You, bring two hundred people to chase after them. You, bring three hundred people to clear out the remaining survivors in the city." "Should we inform the armies of the other camps?"

"There's no need. There's no need to alarm everyone about such a small matter."

'Yes!'

The first camp sent out five hundred people in batches.

The other three hundred people headed towards the city. After a while, they were all killed by Little Sly Jiang.

If it was really like that day in town, such as killing a thousand people in one go, it was a huge drain on Little Sly Jiang. Xiao Zhenting had estimated that it would be five hundred a day, no more, no less.

When they went to launch a sneak attack, it was almost evening. The five hundred people did not return, so the commander did not take it seriously. He treated it as if they were still on a mission. In the end, the next day, Xiao Zhenting came to burn the rations again.

However, the saint army had strengthened their defenses. There was no rations for him to burn, so he burned the commander's pants.

The commander :

Was this... revenge for being chased like a cornered dog? Or was it another group of people?

Xiao Zhenting ran away after burning it. The saint army was furious. If you have the ability, don't run! Stay! Let's fight!

The commander was a little angry. He had only nodded his head when he killed someone, but what did he mean by burning his pants?

The other party was very arrogant!

In a fit of anger, the commander sent out another five hundred people. This time, he wanted to capture them alive! He wanted to see what kind of bastard burned his flowery pants! As expected, these five hundred people were killed by Little Sly Jiang again.

At night, the commander of the Sacred Clan's first camp finally sensed that something was wrong. They sent out a thousand people, but none of them returned. He endured it all night. Early in the morning on the third day, he sent another five hundred people to look for it.

In the end, they disappeared without a word!

He finally realized the seriousness of the situation. Just as he was about to send news to the other camps to remind them to be on their guard, he received a note that shot an arrow into his tent.

“Your underpants are in my hands. If you want them back, I’ll see you tomorrow night at nine o’clock at Dongliu PO. Don’t bring anyone else. Otherwise, I’ll burn your underpants!”

After the commander read it, he felt terrible. Where did this lunatic come from? He could understand stealing gold, silver, jewelry, and even handsome seals. What was with stealing underpants? Did he steal his underpants?

No! It was his dignity as a man!

“Sir, be careful of an ambush!” The confidant said.

The commander said, “Do I need you to remind me? Of course I know that there’s an ambush! Go count the thousand elite soldiers and follow me to Dongliu PO tomorrow night!”

Any scheme could only collapse in the face of absolute strength. He did not believe that he could die in the hands of a group of trash even if he brought a thousand elite soldiers!

Of course, a thousand elite soldiers were terrifying. Without being angered to a certain extent, even Little Sly Jiang could not guarantee that she could defeat all a thousand soldiers like that night.

Therefore, from the point of view of a commander, his decision was not wrong.

Unfortunately, what the commander did not know was that they were not only facing an expert.

There were no traps in the forest, no hidden bows and sharp weapons. However, when everyone entered the depths of the forest, tens of thousands of poisonous insects broke out of the ground and swarmed towards the saint army under the pressure of the King of Ten Thousand Gu..

Chapter 1174: The Ending (24)

Under normal circumstances, these little poisonous creatures would not be a threat to them at all. There were countless poisonous creatures in the dark night, causing everyone to feel an indescribable pressure. The saint army's formation was in chaos.

At this moment, Little Sly Jiang, who was hiding in the dark, descended from the sky and began her hunt.

Little Gu, Shadow Thirteen, Jun Chang'an, and Xiao Zhenting did not stay idle either. Their combat strength was inferior to Little Sly Jiang, but they were still a power that could not be underestimated.

The commander fled. Behind him, the thousand-strong army... was destroyed!

She let him go because she wanted him to report.

They had caused so much trouble, but the expert hiding in the camp had yet to appear. This time, they had caused a big commotion. They believed that that person was not far from appearing.

In less than five days, the military strength of the Sacred Clan's army had been reduced by 3,500. However, the Great Zhou did not lose a single soldier. Other than a few sacrificial soldiers who had suffered slight injuries during the mission, there were no other casualties.

This news was undoubtedly inspiring, and the low morale suddenly rose.

Of course, they understood that this was not only because of Grand Marshal Xiao, the Shadow Guard, and the others, but also because of that unknown expert.

They had never seen her face, nor had they heard her name. They had only seen her figure from afar. She was dressed in black armor, had a cold body, and a slender waist. She was valiant and heroic. They did not know why such a small body hid such a terrifying power. In short, they secretly called her Black Phoenix.

"Who is that person?" In the tent, Yan Huaijing asked Jun Chang'an.

"I don't know," Jun Chang'an said.

Yan Huaijing looked at him deeply. "You've carried out so many missions with her. Didn't you hear what Xiao Zhenting and Shadow Thirteen called her?"

"No," Jun Chang'an said.

Yan Huaijing frowned. "You should know what she looks like, right?" "What does the Crown Prince want to do?" Jun Chang'an asked.

"If I can use such an expert..." Yan Huaijing didn't finish his sentence.

Such an expert could defeat an army alone. Who didn't want to have her? She came to the army with Yu Wan. Was she an expert from the Young Master Manor? Or was she sent by Nanzhao to protect Yu Wan?

Jun Chang'an said seriously, "I think it's unlikely that she'll serve Your

Highness."

Jun Chang'an looked at Yan Huaijing sympathetically. Yan Huaijing thought that he had lost to Yan Jiuchao in terms of the competition of their fathers. Yan Huaijing was wrong. It was far more than that, he couldn't even defeat his parents-in-law, okay?

The Great Zhou's army moved back to the village.

Without any casualties in the Great Zhou, the Sacred Clan's army had lost more than 3,500 people. Although this number was not a heavy blow to the 100,000-strong army, it was a little terrifying when they thought about how not a single soldier of the Great Zhou had died.

In the past few days, for safety reasons, Xiao Zhenting did not allow Shadow Six to enter Yu City to ask around. Even without asking, he could tell from the sudden strengthening of the defenses on the city wall that the saint army

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The puppet master was already dead. The soldiers of the Great Zhou would no longer face the outcome of becoming puppets of the other party after death and clashing with their compatriots. However, this did not mean that the Great Zhou could let their guard down.

The Sacred Clan still had nearly 100,000 powerful troops. If the Sacred Clan's army came out in full strength at this time, an expert like Little Sly Jiang would definitely be fine. However, it was hard to say about ordinary soldiers. In order to win this battle, they still needed to continue weakening the other party's experts.

Wasn't there a saying that when you shoot someone, you shoot the horse first? To capture a thief, you have to capture the leader?

They were not their match in terms of military strength, so they had to lure their experts out and kill them first!

On the tenth day Yu Wan and Madam Jiang arrived, the two sides began their second true battle. The northern city gate of Yu City opened, and the saint army of the First Camp walked out majestically under the lead of the commander.

They set up their formation, and the city gate closed behind them.

Actually, Shadow Six had arranged the first, second, and even eighth camps for them. Shadow Six did not know what their camp was called, nor did he need to know.

After losing 3,500 troops, there were only less than 7,000 people left.

However, the word “only” did not seem to be very appropriate, as if they were very weak. In fact, the seven thousand troops of the Sacred Clan did not have much pressure dealing with the seventy thousand troops of the Great Zhou.

Therefore, when Xiao Zhenting led the twenty thousand people behind him out valiantly, the saint army did not take the other party seriously at all..

Chapter 1175: The Ending (24)

There was a powerful expert in the Great Zhou who knew how to play with Gu worms. These commanders knew about this, but today, they no longer had to be afraid of that expert because their expert had also come.

The commander glanced at Xiao Zhenting disdainfully, raised his arm, and waved his hand. The waiting Sacred Clan’s army suddenly took a few steps to the sides in unison from the center.

Eight majestic experts of the Sacred Clan carried the carriage and walked arrogantly from behind the army.

Shadow Thirteen and Shadow Six rode beside Xiao Zhenting. The two of them recognized the strength of the eight people at a glance. They were all half-saints, and almost all of them were about to reach the Saint King Realm.

Using a Half-Saint as his palanquin bearer was much more eye-catching than Sikong Changfeng who used Asura to carry the palanquin back then.

If the palanquin bearer was so powerful, what realm was the man in the carriage at?

The two of them were filled with doubts.

“Can you tell?” Xiao Zhenting asked softly.

The two of them shook their heads. This was the first time they could not see the other party’s realm.

“I think he should have already surpassed the Saint King,” Shadow Six whispered. They had come into contact with Saint Kings before. They could recognize any expert of this realm. be it an initial-stage or Deak-stage one. “Even more powerful than the Saint King... What... is that?” Xiao Zhenting had never heard of anything higher.

“It’s the Paragon,” Shadow Thirteen said. “I heard Grandma mention it.”

However, he had only mentioned it and did not know much. He only knew that the Paragon was an expert who was even more powerful than the Saint King. How powerful was he? It was said that they were not on the same level, just like the deep sea and lake.

“Then... can Jiang Batian defeat him?” Xiao Zhenting asked again.

In the past, no matter how he asked Shadow Thirteen, Shadow Thirteen’s answer would be “of course she can defeat him”. However, he was not so sure now.

The Paragon’s terror had long exceeded their understanding. He was not sure how powerful the other party was.

Back then, when Jiang Batian caused a ruckus in the Sacred Clan, the true top experts of the Sacred Clan were all in seclusion. If the Paragon came out of seclusion, it was unknown who would win.

In the stands a hundred meters away, Yan Huaijing also felt the anomaly of the battlefield. He asked Jun Chang’an, “That person seems to be very powerful. Can Black Phoenix defeat him?” As he did not know Little Sly Jiang’s identity, he could only follow the people in the military camp and call her Black Phoenix.

Jun Chang’an did not say anything.

Although he had seen Little Sly Jiang's strength, he had never seen that expert from the Sacred Clan. He instinctively felt that the other party was very dangerous. It was not a fatal danger, but a danger that could destroy the world.

As for the 20,000 soldiers, they did not have such worries. In their hearts, the Black Phoenix was a killing god without defeat. It was useless no matter who came. They would become dead souls under the Black Phoenix's saber!

The soldiers of the Great Zhou began to cheer for Black Phoenix.

Yu Wan had just bandaged an injured person's wound. She heard a deafening drumbeat and her heart surged.

"Young Madam, do you want to take a look?" Ping'er asked.

"Yes... yes!" Yu Wan nodded. It was almost done here. She tidied up and brought Ping'er to cheer for the Black Phoenix in the hearts of the soldiers.

Unlike the South Saint King, although the South Saint King had also advanced to the Paragon realm that night, he had just advanced and had yet to stabilize himself when he was slapped back to his original state by Little Sly Jiang. This time, the experts had long stabilized themselves in the Paragon Realm for many years.

As soon as his aura appeared, Xiao Zhenting immediately spat out a mouthful of blood. "F*ck you!"

However, the aura of the Paragon did not stay on others for long before it surged towards Little Sly Jiang. There were no complicated moves or gorgeous techniques. It was a real killing move!

He wanted to kill this woman and mourn the souls of the three thousand soldiers. The burning pressure engulfed Little Sly Jiang like a volcanic eruption.

Everyone's eyes seemed to be burned. They couldn't bear to look at Little Sly Jiang's condition.

The Paragon of the Sacred Clan snorted coldly and raised his hand to collect the other party's corpse. Unexpectedly, at this moment, the fiery pressure he released was suddenly rubbed into an invisible fireball and smashed towards him.

He didn't have time to dodge and fell off the carriage.

Almost at the same time, a black shadow shot towards him like an arrow that had left the bow.. It grabbed his collar and flew up with him, ruthlessly hitting

the city wall of Yu City!

Chapter 1176: The Ending (25)

A human figure immediately concave on the city wall. The saint army was stunned.

What's going on? Was that woman not dead? Did she slap their supreme Lord into the wall just now?

Haha. He wasn't just slapped into the wall. I can still dig him out! Little Sly Jiang decisively dug the Paragon out and continued to grab his collar as he rose into the air and slammed him into the city wall.

The Paragon could not fight back!

Next, Little Sly Jiang began her performance. She dug the Paragon out and slapped him in. She dug him out and slapped him in another place. Then, she dug him out and slapped him in another place.

An entire row of human figures had been patted on the city wall. At a glance, the human-shaped pits looked like there was really a row of people sticking to the city wall hand in hand. They were especially neat.

For the first time in Yu Wan's life, she wondered if her Mom had some kind of OCD. It was so neat!!!

A Paragon was a Paragon. If it were any other Paragon, they would have long dropped their realm after being slapped by Little Sly Jiang, but the Paragon's realm was still very good.

Not bad, enough to withstand a beating. Little Sly Jiang was having fun.

Xiao Zhenting looked at the person who was creating a pit on the city wall in confusion and thought to himself, Should I remind her not to keep building on the city wall?

The change happened in the next moment. Everyone thought that this was a crushing defeat without any suspense. Even the Paragon almost gave up resisting.

However, when Little Sly Jiang slapped the Paragon into the wall again, she realized that he did not. Little Sly Jiang hummed and grabbed the Paragon to slap the city wall.

. He still couldn't get in.

Not only that, she also realized that her internal energy was depleting. Her grip on the Paragon's hand suddenly became strenuous. The Paragon was also puzzled. Was this woman finally tired from beating him up? It was not easy! If she was not tired, he would die!

However, the Paragon quickly realized that it was not as simple as being tired. His body quickly fell, and the woman who seemed to have endless strength fell with him.

Yu Wan turned pale. "Mom—"

All of this happened too quickly. When Shadow Thirteen wanted to fly over and catch Little Sly Jiang, it was too late. Little Sly Jiang slapped the ground and used her internal energy to support her body. She finally landed steadily, but this time, she used up her last bit of strength.

She couldn't get up.

Everyone was dumbfounded again. What was going on? She was fine just now. Why did she suddenly seem to have lost all her strength? Did the Paragon counterattack?

To be honest, the paragon was also stunned. He did not do anything. Why did this woman fall? There was no time to think. In a flash, the Paragon made an extremely bold decision. No matter why this woman suddenly lost her strength, now was the best time to kill her!

“Not good! That bastard wants to kill her!” Xiao Zhenting grabbed the bow and shot an arrow at the Paragon!

Shadow Thirteen quickly flew towards Little Sly Jiang.

“Little Gu!” Yu Wan also released the little Gu.

If these could stop the Paragon, was he still the Paragon? The Paragon sneered and waved his hand. The powerful pressure of the Paragon formed an invisible barrier around him and blocked the attacks of the three of them.

It was the time to kill this woman now!

After being beaten up by Little Sly Jiang for so long, the Paragon’s strength had actually fallen a little, but it was more than enough to deal with a weak woman, right?

The Paragon reached out and grabbed Little Sly Jiang’s heart.

At the critical moment, a spear suddenly tore through the air with the force of thunder. The sharp sound was like a dragon’s roar, fiercely shocking everyone’s hearts. The spear pierced through the pressure of the Paragon and broke through his barrier. It pierced through the Paragon’s heart and sent him flying, mercilessly nailing him to the city wall.

The Paragon widened his eyes in disbelief.

In the golden light, a young man, who was even more dazzling than the golden light of the scorching sun, appeared. He was like a god of the nine heavens, carrying judgment and punishment as he came with a cold expression..

Chapter 1177: The Ending (26)

Everyone felt the power of this young man, but no one was willing to believe what they saw, especially Yan Huaijing. His eyes almost popped out.

“How... how could it be...” Yan Huaijing was incoherent.

“That’s right, why is it him?” Jun Chang’an was as shocked as him. They had thought of thousands of possibilities, but none of them were this man in front of them.

Yu Wan’s eyes sparkled. “Yan Jiuchao...”

He had come, descending like a god. Just like any other time, but it seemed different. He had become stronger, enough for all the experts in the world to look up to.

Xiao Zhenting’s heart was also beating like a drum. The child who needed his protection had grown up and stood in front of everyone, becoming the one who protected others.

While everyone was digesting the shock in their hearts, Yan Jiuchao’s attacks did not stop. The powerful internal energy of the Longevity Technique struck the Paragon’s body like lightning. Yan Jiuchao did not give him any room to fight back, nor did he let his guard down just because he was nailed to the city wall. Every move was a killing move, and every move was like lightning.

The Paragon finally realized that he no longer had a chance to live. He began to burn his life.

“Not good! He’s going to self-destruct!” Jun Chang’an frowned.

The self-destruction of a Paragon was definitely not inferior to Soul Rakshasa. The 30,000 people present would probably all die in this war, regardless of friend or foe. However, there was no fear on the faces of the saint army. It was as if from the moment they embarked on their journey, they had already sacrificed their lives like the Paragon.

“Retreat! All retreat!” Xiao Zhenting shouted.

The soldiers of the Great Zhou began to retreat rapidly, but this was not very useful. Once the Paragon self-destructed, no one could escape.

However, the Paragon did not expect that just as he was about to self-destruct, Yan Jiuchao suddenly turned his internal energy into a blade and suddenly hit his dantian. Almost at the same time, the internal energy of the Longevity Technique in his dantian turned into tens of thousands of small lightning bolts that swam in his meridians and shattered all his meridians.

He completely died before he could self-destruct. The saint army was furious.

The commander pointed his sword at the sky and roared, “Avenge the

Paragon!”

“Avenge the Paragon!”

“Avenge the Paragon!”

“Avenge the Paragon!”

The saint army’s aura was grand, and they erupted with ferocious roars.

Xiao Zhenting's expression suddenly became complicated. Why else would it be said that the saint army was difficult to deal with? Even the most powerful expert was killed, but they could still maintain such discipline and morale. Just this alone was not something ordinary soldiers could compare to.

In the past, this group of people could fight a hundred people alone. Now, they were in a fit of anger and their potential had multiplied. They were not weaker than when they had the help of the puppet master. If they really fought, their twenty thousand people would probably not be enough for the other party to eat.

However, they had already retreated too many times. This time, with a backer like Yan Jiuchao, if they could not charge into battle once, then in the future, even if their lives were saved, their morale would never be restored.

Therefore, they would rather die in battle than retreat.

Xiao Zhenting gripped the long saber in his hand tightly and tightened the reins. He took the lead. "Charge up! Kill those bastards!"

The commander sneered. Since they had come out, they had no intention of returning alive. If they could not protect the Paragon, all of them were willing to die as an apology. However, if they could drag twenty thousand Great Zhou soldiers down with them before they died, it seemed to be a good deal.

This was a tragic battle. It was not that the soldiers of the Great Zhou were not afraid, but Xiao Zhenting had already rushed out and the Regent was also fighting on the front line. They had no reason to retreat.

"Kill! Brothers! Let's fight it out with them!"

"We'll fight it out with the saints!"

The soldiers of the Great Zhou charged towards the saint army with all their might.

“You overestimate yourself!” The commander said arrogantly. He looked at Yan Jiuchao, who was still in the air. Yan Jiuchao was like a god who looked down on the world. His eyes were filled with endless coldness and coldness, but... he was not afraid.

What was going on? His army was about to be destroyed, so how could he still be so calm? Could it be that he thought that he could destroy the 7,000-strong army of the Sacred Clan with a flick of his finger?

Ah, there was a way—self-destruct.

However, self-destruction could not differentiate between friend and foe. Not only would the saint army die, but the soldiers of the Great Zhou would also die with them.

This man shouldn't be so stupid, but why did he look so unworried?

Chapter 1178: The Ending (27)

Didn't he care about the lives of the Great Zhou soldiers? Did he want to let his soldiers fight to the death with the saint army while he watched from the sidelines? For some reason, the commander suddenly had an ominous feeling.

Wuwu—

A loud horn sounded in the distant sky. Right on the heels of that was the sound of waves. In the crowd, someone shouted, “Yan City Navy!”

On the canal a few miles away, the navy of Yan City rode the wind and waves. The commander did not understand. They were not fighting in the water. What was the use of the navy? Could the navy's crossbows and catapults aim at them from a few miles away? If they really fought, be it bows and arrows or throwing stones, they would attack indiscriminately!

Was the person who came up with this idea... crazy?

The commander almost laughed, but in the next second, he couldn't.

Behind the warships of the Yan City Navy, muscular figures soared into the air like eagles flapping their wings. With a whoosh, they flew towards the Sacred Clan's army who were waving the flag and shouting. The formation of the Sacred Clan's army was instantly dispersed by them.

They only had a few hundred people. Compared to the nearly 7,000 saint army, there was no comparison in terms of numbers. However, their combat strength made everyone shudder!

The leader was a man in black armor. His long hair was disheveled, and his eyes were bloodshot. There was a small milk bottle hanging from his waist. He rushed into the group of the Sacred Clan's army, grabbed an army that was about to ambush Yu Wan, and tore them in half with his bare hands. A powerful pressure swept through the entire battlefield. Everyone was stunned by his furious roar.

Yu Wan heaved a sigh of relief.

It was Asura! Their Milk Asura!

He had brought the Asura Army of the Nether Capital!

An Asura was enough to kill everyone, let alone hundreds of Asuras. The Sacred Clan's army was instantly dispersed, and their wails shook the heavens and the earth. When the Great Zhou's soldiers saw this scene, they felt like they had come back to life.

They followed behind Asura and started fighting fiercely.

The situation on the battlefield was quickly reversed by the addition of the Asura Army. A second ago, the Sacred Clan's army, who had planned to drag the Great Zhou's soldiers down with them, actually felt a trace of fear in their bones.

If there were people who died with them, then they would not have suffered a loss. However, the problem was that they were going to die for nothing.

How could they tolerate this?

More than half of the thousands of Sacred Clan's soldiers were killed or injured in an instant. On the other hand, the soldiers of the Great Zhou became more and more valiant under the protection of the Asura Army. When the commander saw that the situation was bad, he ran. However, he was swept over by the Milk Asura and fell to the ground by his collar, dying on the spot.

This was the first overwhelming victory that the Great Zhou had obtained since the two sides started fighting. The soldiers were so excited that they cried. Xiao Zhenting instructed his subordinates to stay behind and clean up the battlefield, while Yan Jiuchao brought Little Sly Jiang back to the tent.

Milk Asura sat at the door and drank his milk. He was a little lonely without his little friends. After the Milk Asura broke through, he became the king of all the Asuras in the Nether Capital. After he subdued his lackeys, the first thing he did was bring them all back to the Great Zhou.

The Sikong family was caught off guard.

It was similar to the child he raised painstakingly being snatched by a scumbag, and she would never come back.

The Sikong family even wanted to chop the Milk Asura to death, but there was nothing they could do. He had already left, so they couldn't catch up. Moreover, once they said that he was going to protect Jiuchao and Ah Wan, how could the Sikong family have any second words?

The Asura Army was a very powerful existence in the eyes of the Great Zhou's soldiers, much stronger than the Sacred Clan's army. If not for them today,

They all wanted to come over and express their friendliness and gratitude to the Asura Army, but... what did they see?

An Asura boss sitting on a small stool outside the tent drinking milk?

However—

What was the big deal about an Asura drinking milk? Have you seen five hundred Asuras drinking milk together?!

All of them were outside the tent. There were not enough small stools, so only the Boss could sit. The other Asuras squatted on the ground, holding small milk bottles in both hands and drinking milk. The scene was spectacular and could be said to be a miracle.

The Great Zhou's soldiers felt terrible. Could it be that... the secret why they weren't powerful enough... was because they didn't drink milk?

In the tent, Little Sly Jiang fell asleep.

Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao were guarding her by the bed. Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen were also there.

Yu Wan took her pulse. She was worried that she had made a mistake, so she asked Shadow Thirteen to call Old Cui over and also took Madam Jiang's pulse..

Chapter 1179: The Ending (28)

Old Cui had heard about what happened on the battlefield. This invincible Black Phoenix suddenly lost her strength and was almost killed by the Paragon. At that time, his first reaction was that Madam Jiang had been poisoned, but his second reaction was that it was impossible.

Her martial arts were so high that other than the strange poison like the Fragrance of Hundred Miles, even the Hedinghong could not cause fatal damage to her. However, the symptoms of the Fragrance of Hundred Miles were not like hers on the battlefield.

Therefore, he never understood what was wrong with Madam Jiang until he took her pulse.

“How is it?” Yu Wan asked.

Old Cui stuffed Madam Jiang’s arm back into the blanket and nodded. He sighed. “That’s right, she’s pregnant. Her sudden loss of strength should be related to this.”

Yu Wan smiled in relief. She held Yan Jiuchao’s hand. “Mom is pregnant. I’m going to be a sister again!”

It was fine as long as she was not poisoned, and it was fine as long as nothing else went wrong. Losing her martial arts was not as important as her life. Besides, being pregnant was a joyous matter.

However, why did Mom lose her strength when she was pregnant?

Madam Jiang’s martial arts skills were extremely high. No one knew how high they were, but everything in the world had its own rules. That was to not be able to escape a double-edged sword. Just like the Longevity Technique, it was the most powerful cultivation technique of the Sacred and Sorcerer Clans, but at the same time, it also had a fatal weakness—a full moon.

If the cultivation technique Madam Jiang practiced also had a weakness, could it be that she couldn’t get pregnant and have children? Of course, this didn’t mean that she couldn’t give birth, but the price for giving birth was huge.

She first gave birth to Yu Wan and then Little Bruiser. Perhaps all these years of softness was not an act. Of course, it was not very convincing to say that she was really that sick.

Old Cui took her pulse. Her cultivation had indeed temporarily disappeared, but there was nothing wrong with her body.

Old Cui looked at her sympathetically. Who asked her to pretend to be sick. Now, it was real.

"I'm not sure I'm right, but I can't find a more reasonable possibility," Old Cui said.

"What do you think?" Yu Wan looked at Yan Jiuchao.

Yan Jiuchao nodded. He agreed with Old Cui's guess. Otherwise, it would not explain why this demon king had barged into the palace to shave the Emperor's hair. This was simply like not causing trouble for many years and she had almost gone crazy from holding it in, okay?

"The power of the Longevity Technique disappears for a few days a month. Her power doesn't disappear for a few years, once it disappears, it will be for a few years." Old Cui thought of someone's appearance after he recovered and patted Yu Wan's shoulder sympathetically. "Have a good life for the next few years."

When a certain someone recovered her strength, no one could have a peaceful life.

Little Sly Jiang was sleeping soundly. Seeing that there was nothing else to do here, Shadow Thirteen gave Shadow Six a look and left with Old Cui.

The tent fell silent.

Yu Wan fetched water, twisted a handkerchief, and wiped Madam Jiang's face. As she wiped, she asked Yan Jiuchao, "Are you alright? Has the poison been cured?"

"Yes, it's resolved," Yan Jiuchao said.

After Yu Wan finished wiping Madam Jiang's face and hands, she came out with a basin and pulled open the screen for her. She put down the basin and quietly walked to Yan Jiuchao's side. She took his pulse. His pulse was finally normal. There seemed to be a power in his body that she could not describe.

“Is it the Longevity Technique?” Yu Wan raised her head and looked at him steadily. “You broke through again?”

“Yes.” Yan Jiuchao nodded. His gaze landed on her fair face, hiding his gentleness.

Yu Wan had lost some weight after working hard during this period of time. Her chubby cheeks were gone, and she had gone her original oval face. Yan Jiuchao raised his hand and pinched it. He couldn’t even pinch much meat.

Yu Wan pulled his hand. “Yan Jiuchao.”

“Huh?”

“How are the children?”

Yan Jiuchao looked at her and said, “They’re all quite good. What about you?”

“I’m fine too.” Yu Wan smiled and held his hand as they strolled through the boundless night. The two of them had been married for so long, but it seemed that things had never really been calm. They were either running east or west, even a night on the battlefield made her feel that the years were peaceful.

Yan Jiuchao had never been a talkative person, and Yu Wan was actually not one either. However, after her wedding with Yan Jiuchao, she was. She liked to talk to him and hear his answer..

Chapter 1180: The Ending (29)

Yu Wan shook their clasped hands. “Yan Jiuchao, where do you want to go after the war?”

“I don’t want to go anywhere,” Yan Jiuchao said.

Yu Wan pursed her lips. "I want to go."

"Where are we going?" Yan Jiuchao asked.

"Hm..." Yu Wan looked in the southeast direction. "Let's go to Yan City first and see the place you lived when you were young."

"Okay."

I'll take you.

"Then, we'll go to Xiongnu. I heard from Princess Consort Cheng that the grassland there is very big, bigger than all the grassland in the Central Plains combined."

"Okay."

I'll take you.

"Where else do you want to go?" Yan Jiuchao asked.

Yu Wan looked up and thought for a while. "I still want to go to the Gobi. I heard that the sunset there is very beautiful."

"Okay," Yan Jiuchao agreed.

Yu Wan suddenly smiled and stopped in her tracks. She looked at him without blinking. "We'll really win this battle, right?"

Yan Jiuchao tucked the hair at her temples behind her ear. "Yes, I promise you."

The two of them stared at each other affectionately. Not far away, someone was quietly watching this scene. Yan Jiuchao didn't even look at that person, he just looked at Yu Wan. "He hasn't given up yet. If I had known earlier, you wouldn't have saved him in Prefecture Xu."

Yu Wan looked in Yan Huaijing's direction and shook her head helplessly. "I wasn't the one who saved him back then. He recognized the wrong person."

Yan Jiuchao looked at Yu Wan strangely. That was not what he found out. Yu Wan lowered her eyes and played with his hand. "Yan Jiuchao, after the war is over, I'll tell you a secret."

"What secret?" Yan Jiuchao said.

"My background," Yu Wan said.

Yan Jiuchao looked at her deeply. "Okay."

The flames of war were burning, and such warmth was rare. The two of them held hands and took a walk for a while before returning to their posts. Yu Wan had injured people to treat, and Yan Jiuchao had a battle plan to deploy.

Yan Jiuchao was doing sand table deductions with Xiao Zhenting and a few generals in the army. Yan Jiuchao had given everyone a thunderous blow today. Who would have thought that the useless little lunatic of the past could actually transform into an existence that could keep the Paragon in check?

To be honest, they still felt that everything was not real, but when they pinched themselves, it really hurt!

Suddenly, Xiao Zhenting thought of something and slapped his thigh. "Aiya!

You're not in the Capital anymore. Will anything happen to the Young Master

Manor and Ah Yan?”

The generals’ hearts trembled. That’s right, the Regent was no longer in the Capital. The Asura Army was also brought to the front line. Would the Young Master Manor really be isolated and helpless?

What if, they were saying, what if the saints sent experts to infiltrate the capital and control the Young Master Manor?

The Regent’s biological father, biological sons, biological daughter, and the Crown Princess Consort of Great Zhou were all still in the Young Master Manor!

Everyone’s worries were not without reason. It was true that the Sacred Clan’s army was stationed in Yu City, but it was hard to guarantee that their experts would also obediently guard this place.

In fact, on the first night Yan Jiuchao fought with the saint army, a team of experts from the saints had indeed charged into the Young Master Manor.

In terms of realm, they were inferior to the Paragon, but every one of them was a well-trained assassin. They only had one goal—to massacre the Young Master Manor and snatch back the Holy Soul Pearl!

The Holy Soul Pearl was in Yan Xiaosi’s hand. Yan Xiaosi’s favorite toys were a mirror and this bead. She held it to sleep every night.

The Holy Soul Pearl could increase the strength of the saints. With it, the saint army would become even more invincible.

This group of experts easily infiltrated the Young Master Manor and dealt with all the guards who blocked them. When the wet nurse heard the sound of fighting, she hurriedly pounced on the cradle, intending to carry Yan Xiaosi out, but she was knocked out by an assassin from the Sacred Clan.

The assassin saw the sleeping baby in her swaddling clothes. She was holding the treasure of their Sacred Clan. The assassin tried to snatch it with his bare hands, but a small black shadow suddenly flew over from nowhere and sent him flying like a small cannon.

The assassins in the courtyard immediately became vigilant. They drew their swords and rushed into the house. Unexpectedly, another shadow flashed over as fast as lightning. That person's movement technique was so fast that it was almost impossible to catch with the naked eye.

That person's realm was clearly inferior to theirs, but his movement technique was too fast. He was like a ghost as he flashed between them. By the time they reacted, half of the assassins had already fallen.

They all died from a sword to their throats.

Of course, there were still assassins who entered the room through the window, but they were all knocked out by the small cannon..